

tattooed above her right wrist
as the world spit out the rose
and one of the bums fell to the floor
losing the fight
and as the other kicked him in the ribs
I bought Gregory another
drink. I liked him very much, a very
fine sort.

Eleven

now I've been to the tracks for 32 years
and I've seen some strange things
but the other day
it's the first race
they're putting them into the gate
I'm 3 or 4 away from the betting window
I want to bet five win
when the announcer says, "The flag's up!"
I am about to say, "Eleven,"
and this arm comes up from below me with a five
in its hand and the voice says,
"Eleven," and I grab the arm by the wrist
and look down and here's some guy on his hands and
knees, he's crawled up under me and
I hold his wrist and tell him,
"just wait a god damned minute!"
and then I say, "Eleven,"
and I get my ticket just as the buzzer rings
shutting off the machines
and I go out to watch the race.
the Eleven runs up to fourth around the final curve
then falls back.
I lost my five dollars
and I saved him five,
but I wondered what could look so good about a
fifteen to one shot
reading up off of an eight to one morning line.
this man actually crawled on his knees,
his hands and knees and came up under me
with a loser.
I almost hit him
but I got my ticket
and I saw the cop running up to ask this man
what he was doing
and then I went out to see the Eleven come up to
4th., then fall
back. I still don't understand
it. it was a bad bet.

I think the next time I see that track cop
I'll ask him what he did
with that guy.
I've never seen him before.
I know they put the Eleven horse back in the barn.
the winner paid \$11.40, which is reasonable,
and the girls were wobbling and shaking and looking
for a winner, but I tell you
after 32 years at the track
this guy crawling on his hands and knees to bet
a loser
was one of the saddest acts I have ever
witnessed
as the girls wobbled and shook and the sky
was almost
blue.

no bra, no panties...

the lights are on, the lights are
off, I am sitting in an apt. on
S. Oxford Ave., I am 53 years old
and I do not answer the door and the
telephone co. says they can't give me a
telephone, well, there are many things I can't get
and now that I think of it I really don't want a
telephone because whenever it rings it is usually
somebody I don't want to see who wants to come over
and we end up drinking until 4 a.m.

but the other day I did let one
in, she had on a light green smock
no bra no panties...
looked like she'd been living with a jazz musician
who was on the shit and beat her 5 or 6 times a
week.
anyhow, she sifted about the room, ass wobbling,
standing in front of the blinds
letting me look at her cunt and her ass
and she said she knew
Bob Dylan, Ginsberg, knew Kerouac too once, even
met Mailer (a real shit), and Capote (a real shit) and
she knew McClure and some of the Beatles and even
Rod McK., and she knew Neal too once, and Ken, and she
knew Edward A. and this guy on the Rolling Stones, she'd
met Burroughs, Captain Kangaroo and x-mayor Yorty...

"what can I do for you?" I asked.

she stood in front of the blinds and said,
"do you have a shower?"